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CONTINUATION OF CHURCHILL'S ROS-

CIAD, BY MRS. O'NEILL.

....."Garrick take the chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."
ROSCIAD.

BUT still the Muse with penetrating
eyes,
Views from afar a lovely form arise,
Who e'er twelve annual suns have passed
away,
Shall on this throne support an equal sway,
By either Muse inspir'd, with light divine
Shall share your honours and illustrate
mine.
Her magic form and melting strains shall
spread
New wreaths of laurel, e'en for Shake-
speare's head;
Nor genius only shall adorn the fair,
Virtue, shall mark her as the public care;
Virtue, shall guide her in the paths of fame,
And grace her fairest rolls with Siddons'
name.

VERSES ON A GLASS PEN PRESENTED
BY A GENTLEMAN OF SIXTY TO A
LADY OF FOURTEEN.

I VOW I ne'er will deign again
To borrow from a goose's wing,
Or be indebted for a pen
To that dull, stupid, waddling thing.

Dear youth! with what a charming air,
This precious gift he did impart:
He cried, "Take this my lovely fair,"
And then exchanged it for my heart.

But ah! to ev'ry fair he meets,
The same soft, flattering tale he tells;
To every maid he still repeats,
"With love for thee my bosom swells."

Let Cowley boast his numerous fair,
They govern'd only in their turn,
But Caulfield quite out-does him there,
For *all* his flames at once do burn.

Grant me, kind fate, in pity grant
The key to his inconstant heart:
Then for no other maid he'll pant:
No eyes but mine shall heal his smart.

BELFAST MAG. NO. XLVI.

THE ANSWER.

To fix my ever roving heart,
Sweet Fanny would you make a trial;
Ah! rather shew your utmost art,
And fix the shadow to the dial:

Yet cease to blame them, as they rove,
An equal glorious course they run,
My faithful heart is true to love,
As the fond shadow to the sun.

For while I live my happy life
No way-ward care shall e'er perplex;
I'll fly from envy, malice, strife,
And seek my refuge in your sex.

Dear child! with pleasure let me sing;
Thine opening charms will soon disclose,
That from the culture of the spring,
In summer we enjoy the rose.

Yet in my fragile gift discern
Beauty as fragile in degree;
So shall my sprightly Fanny learn
To be beloved at sixty-three.

SELECTED POETRY.

VERSES ON HEARING THAT THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE OF WALES WEPT ON HEAR-
ING A DIFFERENCE OF SENTIMENT EX-
PRESSED BETWEEN HER FATHER AND
HIS OLD FRIENDS.

WEEP, Daughter of a Royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a Father's guilt away.

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears,
Auspicious to these suffering Isles;
And be each drop, in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles.

TO

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's court a form more fair,
Than beauty at your birth has given.
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel ready made for Heaven.

B d d